

The Quebec legislature a few days ago passed a bill offering 100 acres of land to every man who is the father of twelve children. The person entitled to this novel bonus appears to be numerous. At Trois Pistoles there are two families, named Roulette and Bédard, who each have fifteen living children. Another named Gingras, of Saint-Joseph, has had no fewer than thirty children born to him. Other notable names are Ouellet, in 21st, and Gauthier, and one Villeneuve, in 17th. The latter, who had his share of the money, has put his share to good use.

[illegible]

and for past iniquities or past transgressions is by future sanctification. Yet you have said that the men who were saved were saved when they were forty or fifty, as the old ages come on, saying: "Well, men's life is short done and it is time for me to be sanct." They gave forty years of their life to sin and the world, a little fragment of their life to God; now they are coming to the end of their life, and they cry out, "I am saved!" I say not. The man who gave one-half of his earthly existence to the world and of the remaining two-quarters to Christian work and the other to sin, cannot, I suppose, get a very brilliant mention in heaven. If there are any such men, I think they will be glad to get into the garden; or if there is any man who, when heaven opens it would be appropriate for his coronation; or any happy

Timely Advice.
Mr. Munde says that to the imprudent act of getting out of bed without protecting the feet—one so commonly committed by women without thought of the consequences—may be traced any an attack of cellulitis, brought by the sudden though momentary exposure of the feet to cold. It has caused more diseases to women previously healthy than could result from any other single act of imprudence.—*Medical Standard.*

Dutching. When at last the beef were done with, he had accepted the suggestion of the Irish that, before starting on the upward walk, they should smoke out on the green, where Lord's dress had been fitting to the while the meal was in progress. The fierce sun had gone down now, and the garden was very cool, in part, and shadowy. Two or three chairs were placed under the shade of a good-sized chestnut-tree in the corner of the grassy slope, and there sat the three men, and one of them Mr. Brian took his pipe and filling the serviceable briar-pipe.

"My dear girl, I wish we had—as far as the fish are concerned,"

Owen was lying in an easy white-linen coat and slippers, at full length upon the sofa in the drawing-room of the 'ot; Alayne, leaning idly against the chimney-piece, was looking at Millicent Heath, whose eyes were fixed upon Owen. Milly was a pretty girl, dark and vivacious, with hair cut in a natural curly crop, bright brown eyes, and a manner wonderfully "young" and pleasant. She wore a gown of pale-primrose tulle, and had a yellow rose fastened in her hair.

"I am sure I wish you had," she

proved the selves and the nation to be reliable weather prophets, says the Sioux Falls Free Press. They declare that this winter will be a repetition of the winter of 1880-'81—that the snow will be deep and that the lake beds will be filled with brimful water next season.

Rev. Mr. Prinrose—Your mother doesn't stand as fond of you as she might be.

Little Johnny—No, sir. Khe says if I hadn't been for me she'd have said I was a married years ago.

The unmarried females of the country; they will be much interested in the work of the *Advocate of Christianity*.

The Princess Stephanie, widow of Prince Leopold, is about to contract a marriage with a young man of the name of Saxe-Coburg.